Nor I gaze back 5 no thyrsus stem,
Nor song, nor memory in the air,
Oh, other Bacchanals be there,
Not I, not I, to dream of them I

[AGAVE *with her group of attendants goes out on the side away from the Mountain.*

DIONYSUS *rises upon the Cloud and disappears**

CHORUS.

There be many shapes of mystery.
And many things God makes to be,
Past hope or fear.
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man thought.
So hath it fallen here.

[Exeunt.*